

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII., NO. 5344

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1902.

PRICE 2 CENTS

## ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL  
Write Your Name and Address Plainly.



After having it carefully analyzed, it contains no morphine, chloroform or ether.

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,  
Rabbi of the Cong. B'nai Israel,  
NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1901

DRS. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. We can state that Asthmalene contains no very true yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AYON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

R. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the

powerful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been

suffered with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own

ills as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on

6th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife com-

mented taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical im-

provement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is en-

joyfully free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the med-

icine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

RS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numer-

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1½ size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for

12 years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing busi-

ness every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

Home address, 235 Rivington street. S. RAPHAEL,

67 East 129th St., New York City.

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Sold by All Druggists.

**BASE BALLS,  
STRIKING BAGS,  
Sporting Goods & Fishing Tackle.**

**A. P. WENDELL & CO.  
2 MARKET SQUARE.**

Cold Water Paint.  
Muresco.  
Crockets' Varnishes  
Carriage Top Dressing.

**ATLAS AND DEVOE'S Ready Mixed Paints**  
NONE BETTER.

**Rider & Cotton,  
65 MARKET STREET.**

**BEST FOR THE BOWELS  
Cascarets**  
CANDY CATHARTIC  
NEW YORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, piles, red rating, liver trouble, yellow skin and diseases when your bowels don't move regularly, you will be relieved. Cascarets is more popular than all other cathartics. It cures chronic ailments and longer years of misery. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS today, for you will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels right. Take our advice, start with Cascarets today under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. The genuine tablet stamped C.C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklets free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

## ONE MAN KILLED.

And Two Others Probably Fatally Injured.

Disastrous Explosion In Paper Mill At Rumford Falls.

A Steam Pipe In Sulphite Dgester Room Burst.

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BY TWO BIG DUCKS.

Window of Great Point Lighthouse Broken Into Hundreds of Bits.

Nantucket, Mass., April 2.—To the fact that he had left his post a moment to get a drink of water, Assistant Lighthouse Keeper Hawes, of the Great Point station, attributes his escape from injury in a remarkable way, which occurred here today and in which two canvasback ducks caused considerable damage to the lighthouse.

Just after midnight keeper Hawes left his position and had scarcely stepped down from his station when a loud crash was heard at the same instant the light went out.

Hastening back with a lantern the assistant keeper found two great canvasback ducks of a species rare in this section had plunged through one of the large plate glass windows of the lighthouse, smashing them into hundreds of pieces and had brought up against the opposite window, extinguishing the light as they passed.

The window measured six feet by twenty-seven inches and the glass was three-eighths of an inch in thickness.

After the accident no piece of glass bigger than a half dollar could be found and as the man on watch is accustomed to stand near this window, it is thought that he could not have escaped injury from flying fragments had he been in his place.

Moreover, as the ducks are known to fly at a speed of 100 miles an hour, the force with which the pieces were driven into the tower must have been dangerous.

The accident caused considerable inconvenience owing to the destruction of the lights.

Keeper Higgins states that in his thirty years experience he has very seldom witnessed an occurrence similar to that of this morning.

On account of the rareness of the species there is much surmising as to where they came from.

The ducks weighed about seven pounds each. Both were killed. They will be preserved as trophies by the life savers.

HELP FROM CONCORD.

Lowell, Mass., April 2.—This morning found about one hundred and seventy-five painters locked out by their employers on account of a demand for an increase of twenty-five cents per day made by the journeymen painters several days ago. Several shops have been paying the increased rate of wages for the past year, while others met the demand of the Painters' union this morning, though only about thirty-five painters are at work. It is claimed that a few non-union painters are working throughout the city, while a number of painters are expected to arrive in this city from Concord, N. H., this afternoon. A special meeting of the Painters' union was held this morning and pickets were appointed to see the non-union men and also to explain the situation to the men who were coming from New Hampshire.

PRISONERS GET AWAY.

Chicago, April 2.—Three prisoners under guard at Fort Sheridan escaped from their sentries yesterday and gained freedom under exciting circumstances. One prisoner was shot at by a crack marksman recently returned from the Philippines, and, it is thought, was badly wounded. Another boarded a passing freight train going toward Chicago and was not missed for fifteen minutes. The third escaped because the rifle which the sentry snatched at him missed fire. M. S. Whidden, a Kentuckian, sentenced to nine months in the guard house for desertion, is the man supposed to have been wounded.

Judge Mason, after sentencing Mason, made a subscription of \$1 to a fund which was speedily collected, and the prisoner left for Frankfort bearing with him a Bible presented by the judge and the officers of the court.

BODY OF CECIL RHODES TAKEN TO CAPE TOWN.

Cape Town, April 3.—A funeral service for the family and friends was held over the remains of Cecil Rhodes at Groote Schuur last evening. The body was brought here at midnight last night and deposited in the vestibule of the building of parliament. The coffin was draped in a tattered Union Jack, the property of Mr. Rhodes, and with it was the tattered flag of the British chartered South African company which went through one of the battles. On these two flags rested the cap and gown in which the deceased took his degree at Oxford. A beautiful wreath of flowers from Queen Alexandra was placed on the bier.

STOLE A BIBLE.

Louisville, Ky., April 2.—James Mason, a deaf mute, was yesterday sentenced to one year in the penitentiary after entering a plea of guilty to the unusual charge of stealing a Bible.

The fact that at the time of the theft he had concealed the sacred book in some bed clothing belonging to Nannie Spears, the owner of the volume, and had forgotten to send the clothing back, added to the severity of the sentence.

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BOSTON HERALD.

Tacoma, Wash., April 2.—In the municipal election L. D. Campbell, republican, was elected mayor by about 950 plurality over Frank C. Cole, democrat. The republicans also re-elected Ernest Lister controller and Charles D. Atkins treasurer. The democrats elected two councilmen out of eight.

ANOTHER STRIKE.

Boston, Mass., April 2.—Another strike was ordered tonight, when the Brewery Workers' Union, comprising 1,200 inside men, employed in the twenty-six breweries of this city voted not to report for duty tomorrow morning because the master brewers refused their demands for shorter hours and other concessions.

TACOMA REPUBLICAN.

Tacoma, Wash., April 2.—In the superior court on Tuesday, Noyes vs. Edgerly, a suit for damages for false imprisonment, was thrown out on a point of law. Exceptions were taken and the case may go to the supreme court.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Washington, April 2.—Rear Admiral George G. Remey, who was recently detached from the command of the Asiatic naval station, will be assigned to the command of the Lighthouse board in Washington, to succeed Rear Admiral Norman H. Farquhar, who will be placed on the retired list on April 29.

REMEY TO GO ON LIGHTHOUSE BOARD.

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ENDICOTT THE MAN.

Washington, April 2.—Confirmations by the senate Civil Engineer Mordecai T. Endicott to be chief of the bureau of yards and docks, United States navy; also a large number of naval promotions.

REPUBLICAN MAJORITY.

Milwaukee, April 2.—The latest returns show that the common council will be republican by a majority of two or three. This shows a partial republican victory in the city, the last council being democratic.

## WITH REVOLVER.

Brooklyn Policeman Instantly Kills His Wife.

Shot Her Through The Head At Their Home.

Said To Have Been On Verge Of Delirium Tremens.

## ODD MOON THEORIES.

THE MANY SUPERSTITIONS THAT FLOURISH ABOUT FAIR LUNA.

**Laughable and Absurd Notions That Gain Credence in Latent Minds Concerning the Changes and Eclipses of the Orb of Night.**

For countless ages the darkness of night has exercised terror on all sorts and conditions of men, and in consequence the moon has become surrounded by untutored people with a degree of mystery that is sometimes merely laughable, sometimes ingenuously absurd, but in most cases the natural outcome of superstition and ignorance.

There is probably no country in the world where some kind of picture has not been made out of the visible markings on the moon's surface. We have our own old man in the moon who made that famous journey to Norwich, while in many parts of France it is a hunter and his dog that folks say they can distinguish.

In eastern Asia the marks in the moon are said to be a hare sitting on its hindquarters, while the Incas of South America maintain that the dark patch is the figure of a young lady who happened to be walking in the moonlight and suddenly became enamored of the brightness and beauty of a star. She sprang forward to embrace the object of her affection, and the moon, taking advantage of her amorous leap, caught her up and has kept her ever since.

Eclipses of the moon, being commoner than those of the sun, have always attracted more attention than solar obscurations. In Peru an eclipse of the moon was always considered to be a sudden illness of that star, and so when one occurred the Peruvians would start treating everything that was capable of making a noise and in particular flog all their dogs, the theory being that the moon, witnessing the sufferings of the creatures it loved, would revive herself to come to their help.

The Khasias of northeast India have a very remarkable superstition regarding the sun and moon. They believe that the waning and increasing moon represents the state of that planet's strength as she wrestles with the sun, which is her husband.

The increasing moon represents that Luna is winning "hands down," the decrease that she is losing, until at last the sun swallows his wife and splits her head out into the sky. The wife then has another chance, so to speak, and the quarrel goes on without cessation.

A popular superstition among the Slave was that the moon was condemned to wander through space for infidelity in company with the morning star. The Dakota Indians fancied that the moon as she decreased was being slowly nibbled away by mice, the Polynesians that she was being devoured by spirits of the dead.

Still more extraordinary is the superstition held by the Hottentots that the waning moon suffers from headache and always bites her face with her hands.

The Eskimos maintain that the same period in the moon's history merely betokens the fact that she is hungry and retiring to rest and eat previous to beginning another fast. As regards the markings on the moon the Eskimos have a most laughable theory. They say that Anninga, the moon, brother of the peerless and incomparable Matina, the sun, was pursuing his sister and indeed forced so close to her that she was almost within his grasp, whereupon the enraged lady turned around and blackened his face and clothes with her fingers, which she had snatched with the soot of an oil lamp.

Other savages there are who maintain that the marks are the cinders resulting from the monthly destruction by fire of the moon by the incendiary sun.

The Chinese believe that when an eclipse of the moon takes place she is being vigorously attacked by a dragon. At the commencement of the lunar phenomenon they throw themselves prostrate and bang on gongs and drums to frighten the dragon away. In the meanwhile the mandarins and exalted personages present shoot arrows at the moon, which reminds one of the story of a former king of Portugal, who, hearing that a comet was in sight, hurried out to see it, scolded it vehemently and discharged pistol shots at the inexplicable monstrosity.

The Maoris believed that the moon was a great hole torn in the heavens through which could be seen the warm fires that kept the earth alive and the sun heated. When the moon was on the wane, they said that the gods were busy mending the rent, and when the moon appeared again in her crescent shape they said that the tear had burst once more.

Among the untutored peasants of the remote parts of France many strange superstitions are rife as regards the moon. Many aver that they can see Judas Iscariot hanging from an elder branch, others that it is Cain they see leaning on his spade and gazing at the murdered body of Abel, while some again say that it is a peasant compelled to freeze in the moon with his bundle of faggots for attempting to wattle a fence on the Sabbath.

At certain times of the year the Malopos, a tribe of African savages, bury a live goat with many strange rites. This, they say, has to be done to appease the moon, who expects a goat at stated intervals. They firmly believe that the goat makes its way through the center of the earth and falls into the moon, who is waiting to receive it.—London Answers.

Last year the graduates of professional schools numbered 16,448, of whom 5,697 were doctors, 3,035 lawyers and 1,678 clergymen.—Chicago Chronicle.

## The Insurance of Children.

Children are insured in this country with industrial companies in the same manner as adult members of the family. They are insured as members of the family for the purpose of providing in return for a weekly premium of either 5 to 10 cents for a respectable burial at death and for the expenses of the last illness. The average premium at which children are insured is 6 cents, while the average amount paid at death of children under 10 years of age is above \$30. This amount is barely sufficient to meet the expenses of burial in the large cities.

The youngest age at which a child is insured is 2 next birthday, and at this age in return for a 5 cent premium the companies will pay \$8 if the child dies during the first three months of policy duration, \$10 if the child has been insured more than three but less than six months, \$12 if the child has been insured more than six but less than nine months and \$15 if the child has been insured more than nine but less than one year. At the age of 3 years the amount which is paid after a policy has been one year in force is \$17; at age 4, \$20; at age 5, \$24, increasing gradually until age 10 is reached, when the amount payable at death in return for a 5 cent premium is \$120. In other words, the amounts gradually increase, though the premiums remain the same.—Leslie's Weekly.

## Italian Translation.

Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, the eminent Boston surgeon, was very fond of music and knew something of it theoretically—enough, at least, to carry in his head the tunes he liked. Street musicians were used to his requests for repeating a melody, but in one case he had some difficulty in tracing a song when he wished to procure it for himself.

"Jim," he said, "what is the matter with you? I'm surprised. You never acted like this before. There is something certainly the matter. Out with it, I say, or else I shall never have anything to do with you in the future!"

"I know I have not been carrying on right," Frank, he said, "but if you went through what I have during the past ten hours you certainly would not blame me. Frank, I cannot look an honest man straight in the face after today. I stood to win \$50,000, but I'm penniless now. It's all because I was greedy and refused to part with an extra \$10. As you are no doubt aware, my horse ran second today. He might have won had I used better judgment and discretion."

"Then he went to a music shop and set the clerk upon its trials.

Nobody could guess what it might be, and one Italian collection after another was overhauled until at last all the clerks in the shop were brought into requisition. Finally one of them had a bright thought.

"Tell you what you want," said he. "It's 'Silver Threads Among the Gold!'"—Youth's Companion.

## Took His Place in the Grave.

From the village of Kresszupa, in Hungary, comes the following remarkable tale:

An old peasant, Georges Gaja by name, died, and all preparations for his burial the next day had been made, as is the custom in those parts. Night fell, and the relatives and friends were watching in the house of mourning next to the room in which the corpse lay, when close upon midnight the door of the room opened, and those assembled were struck with fright at seeing the supposed dead man walk in.

For a moment panic reigned, but he at last succeeded in calming them and proving that he had miraculously come to life again.

While they were all sitting talking his wife returned from a neighbor's house, and so great was the shock at seeing her husband that she fell dead at his feet.

The tragedy of the affair is intensified by the fact that the preparations made for him served for her.

## The Chinaman and His Dragon.

If a Chinaman wishes for happiness and peace in this world and the next, he feels obliged to consult his majesty the dragon as to where his house shall be built and his grave be made. Through the earth, so say the Chinese, flow two currents—the Dragon and the Tiger. Now, for a man to have good fortune in life or, as he would say in "pigron English," to "catchee chance," his house must be put in a certain position in reference to these currents. If he is to rest quietly in his grave, that also must be correctly placed. So called "wise men" make a business of choosing favorable sites for homes and graves, professing, by means of a wand and incantations and other kinds of tomfoolery, to be able to detect the presence of the Dragon and the Tiger and to tell in what direction they flow.—Our Animal Friends.

## Gam's Dry Humor.

When the gallant Welsh captain, David Gam, was sent forward by Henry V to reconnoiter the French army before the battle of Agincourt he found that the enemy outnumbered the English by about five to one. His report to the king is historic:

"There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

This quaint forecast of the result of the battle at once spread through the camp, and doubtless every young archer of the valiant company felt an inch taller. We know that it was almost literally justified by the event. Poor Gam's dry humor was equalled by his courage. He was killed while in the act of saving the life of his private.

## Planned From Pine Needles.

The Germans make funnel underclothing of the fiber of the pine needles as well as socks for men and stockings for women, while knee warmers, knitting and darning yarns, cork soles, quilts, wadding, deafening paper for walls, pine needle soap, incense and even cigars made from this raw material have been exported from Germany for years. Bathing establishments have also been established at points, where the pine needles are crushed, and these resorts have long been popular with people afflicted with rheumatism, consumption, etc.—Chicago Chronicle.

## HIS LAST RACE.

**A Fortune Lost to a Horse Owner by a Refusal to Pay \$10.**

"Talk about killings," said the old turfman, settling himself back in his chair and puffing away vigorously at a very black cigar. "Why, I remember one that makes my head spin every time I think of it. Let me see—yes, it was back in 1880. Just about that time I had arrived from the west and went in for racing with both feet. A friend of mine owned a fast 2-year-old maiden. The horse had a good pedigree and was well trained, but somehow was never in the money. My friend had a great deal of faith in the horse and backed the animal every time it ran. He lost, and when it became monotonous he came to me."

"Jim," he said, rather sadly, "I'm nearly broke. If I keep on dropping my money as I have done for the past two months, I don't know what will become of me. I guess I will wind up in the poorhouse."

"That's all right," he said, "but I owe you enough money already. I'm going to make a hit, and if the scheme goes through I'll have all the money I want. The scheme isn't strictly honest, but that's the only way I can get the colt just now. I've been on the square long enough." Saying this, he disappeared, and I did not see or hear from him for a long time.

"One day his horse came in second. I was very much pleased, and when I found Jim I extended my hand to congratulate him. To my surprise, he waved me aside and hung his head. I could not for the world make out what was the matter. I thought perhaps his success had turned him head.

"Jim," I said, "what is the matter with you? I'm surprised. You never acted like this before. There is something certainly the matter. Out with it, I say, or else I shall never have anything to do with you in the future!"

"I know I have not been carrying on right," Frank, he said, "but if you went through what I have during the past ten hours you certainly would not blame me. Frank, I cannot look an honest man straight in the face after today. I stood to win \$50,000, but I'm penniless now. It's all because I was greedy and refused to part with an extra \$10. As you are no doubt aware, my horse ran second today. He might have won had I used better judgment and discretion."

"Then he went on and told me the following story: He had told all the other jockeys in the race that he desired to win and unfolded his scheme. Seven horses ran, and the jockeys had their instructions. They were to let my friend's horse win. All of the jockeys with the exception of one received a ticket on the prospective winner. My friend's horse was quoted at 20 to 1, and the six jockeys had tickets which called for \$250 to \$10. Somehow or other the seventh jockey got wind of this and approached the trainer of my friend's horse about it. The trainer told him to see Jim, which he did. Jim told him to go to the devil. He said: 'Go away, boy, and don't bother me. You haven't got a chance to beat my horse, and I am not afraid of you anyway. I got \$10 left, but you shall not have it.' The jockey persisted that he could win if he tried and told Jim that he ought to be let in on the deal. Jim was obstinate and requested the jockey to go ahead with his business. Jim somehow had scraped up \$10, which he certainly could have spared, he lost the fortune. Jim had only played the horse straight, and this time he was clean broke. Jim was the sorriest man you ever saw and cannot forget that day to this. And, what's more, he has never played or attended a race since!"—London Answers.

"Our Animal Friends.

"Well, the race was soon off, and his horse was leading in the stretch by five lengths. He thought it was all over but the explanations. On the run home his horse was still ahead by a good margin, and in the excitement the seventh jockey, the one to whom he had refused to give a ticket, was that he might sell the engagement ring that had been returned to him. The story is being whispered around and his popularity has waned.—Philadelphia Record.

"The Guide Had His Way.

A. Phelps Whitmarsh gives in The Outlook an experience with Filipino guides and the sequel to attempting to have one's way with them, especially when that way involves an expenditure of energy. The travelers were determined to ascend a certain mountain.

As we climbed higher and higher the old fellow who was leading us grew uncertain about the trail. At last he halted and spoke to another guide in their own tongue. "Senores," interjected Simeon, "there is no water high up on the mountain."

This was evidently a ruse to prevent us from going any farther. So we told him we did not want any water and ordered him to go on.

"Senores," he said a little later, "the carriers are exhausted. They cannot travel any more today."

"Tell the carriers that unless they follow us we shall go without them and pay them nothing."

"Senores, the path is lost."

"Well, let the guide find it again."

"He cannot, senor. He does not know the mountain above this. He expected to find a Negro to show the way."

"Go where, senor?"

"Up."

After an hour or so of progress so slow that we scarcely seemed to be moving at all we were well scratched, pricked, torn and angered. Then we gave it up. The smiling guide had beaten us.

**Appropriate.**

It was at a concert held in the village schoolhouse. In the chair was a local merchant who, though a good business man, was not much of a scholar. He intimated that the next song would be "Ora Pro Nobis."

The singer made a terrible mess of it, and consequently it was a great relief to the audience when she had finished the last verse.

The chairman did not know the meaning of "Ora Pro Nobis," so he applied to the man sitting next to him. He also did not know that it meant "Pray for us," but, not wishing to admit such a thing, he said:

"Oh, it means 'we thank you...'"

There was a great burst of laughter from the audience when the chairman, as the lady was leaving the platform, rose to his feet and said:

"Miss Smith, 'ora pro nobis.'"—Pearson's.

**A Calamity.**

A small girl of 3 years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Ethel," said her mother, "what is the matter?"

"Oh," whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

## OUR HUNGRY GLOBE.

**MOTHER EARTH'S METHOD OF FILLING HER RAPACIOUS MAW.**

**Great Chunks of the World That May Be Swallowed Up at Any Moment as Others Have Been Before in Our Planet's Pitiless Traps.**

When one reads or hears of some sudden and violent alteration in the crust of this planet of ours one instinctively puts it down to something in the way of a volcanic outburst. In most cases it is so. But not always. Mother Earth has many fashions of building up what she likes and getting rid of what she is tired of.

One hardly wonders that Indian tribes who frequented the shores of the Columbia river used to worship as the "All Devouring One" a great cliff near Dundas when the latter suddenly began to make hideous faces to such a degree that Lord Halifax became seriously alarmed and gasped out, "Shall I run for the doctor?" Lord Dundas was given a peremptory "No" as far as he was able. When he had recovered from the paroxysm, he said: "I was only in the broad 'a' and I want to know how to do it like the real thing.

"The same rule applied and still applies in some cases in an even greater degree on the continent. The late czar of Russia once hazarded the opinion that a certain distinguished Englishman was "much wanting in polish and good manners" because he, poor man, sneezed at a Russian court reception. Even the late Napoleon III, free and easy as was his court in certain matters, looked upon sneezing in his presence as a great liberty.—London Answers.

**His Interested Motive.**

There is a young man out in Germantown who has developed into a chronic matchmaker. This is all the more remarkable because of the fact that the young woman to whom he had been engaged jilted him and returned the ring—a handsome solitaire. The average man who meets with an experience like this usually poses as a misanthrope and rails bitterly at matrimony. It seems to have just the opposite effect upon this Germantown man, who is noted for his parsimonious habits.

Ever since his own engagement was broken off he has been doing his best to make matches among his friends. He would tell a girl how much a certain young man thought of her and then pour a tale into the young man's ears about how deeply in love with the girl was. These tactics were pursued so frequently as to excite comment.

In the short time ago his efforts resulted in an announced engagement, and the matchmaker lost no time in making a proposition to the prospective Benedict. Then it developed that his only interest in throwing his friends of opposite sexes at each other's heads was that he might sell the engagement ring that had been returned to him. The story is being whispered around the country and the public is wondering what is the common kind, don't you think? I say 'what' of course, just as the swells do, but if I said 'that' wouldn't society people think I was a servant girl out of place? Thank goodness there is one word I notice some of the newspapers say 'in' for 'on' a street, but the newspapers are not in society, are they? I can say 'afternoon' or just plain 'after' easily enough, but think of that word 'aftermath.' Of course I wouldn't use it very often, but it is more of a give away to get a word wrong that isn't common than it is the common kind, don't you think? I say 'what' of course, just as the swells do, but if I said 'that' wouldn't society people think I was a servant girl out of place? Thank goodness there is one word I have got down fine, and I can pronounce it just too lovely for anything, and that is 'advantage.' I feel like I was the real thing when I say it, and, don't you know, when I hear anybody say 'advantage' it does sound too flat and common for any use. I do think it is the deepest word, but I like to ask—I mean alack—a lot more, but the boss is coming, and I must look alight some matters—or is it matters—that—that's—"he wants to add. To long?" And she left the reporter standing at the office rail somewhat puzzled himself.—Detroit Free Press.

**History of a Chinese Uniform.**

The English army has never since secured so much loot as it did in the Chinese war

## THE DAYS OF BOOTS.

WHEN BOOT HOOKS AND BOOTJACKS WERE FAMILIAR ARTICLES.

Fine Footwear Was Then an Expensive Luxury, and Men of Fashion Had a Time in Getting Their Tight Fitting Wellingtons on and Off.

Over on the other side of Canal street, in the local Latin quarter, there is a little cobbler's shop that looks like an etching by Durer. The tools, which are stuck in leather loops around the walls, have an air of serious antiquity like decayed gentefolk, and over the threshold is an empty wicker birdcage, canted at just the right angle to make what the artists call "a good composition." The cobbler himself is a smallish, stoop shouldered man, with a perfectly bald head and iron spectacles half way down his nose. The other day he told a friend how the ancient and honorable craft of boot-making had gone into decline.

"I was working for myself two years before the California excitement began in 1849," he said. "These were grand days. All gentlemen wore boots then made out of the finest calfskin, with tops about 12 inches high. The Wellington boots were fashionable just before my time, but I've made a few pairs, mostly for foreign gentlemen, and they looked very elegant outside of light pantaloons. The top was generally morocco. It hugged the calf of the leg close and came to a point in front, finished with a small red or purple tassel. But the boot that everybody wanted was a plain, fine grained calfskin, and it had to fit like a glove or it wouldn't do at all."

"Do you see those lasts up on the shelf? Well, the men they were made for are dead now, the whole crowd. But I'll bet you there isn't one in the lot that hasn't been patched and altered at least 40 times. That shows you how particular they were. Feet will change more from year to year than you have any idea of, and we had to keep track of such changes so as to make the boot set perfectly snug. In those days a gentleman, especially a young gentleman, who went into society wouldn't have a boot that he could wear without cursing for a first week or so. They wanted them tight, tight as wax, and every young buck had his collection of boot hooks and bootjacks to get 'em on and off. Those tools were common birthday and Christmas presents back in the forties and fifties, and some of them were got up very fine. I've seen boot hooks with silver mounts and mahogany handles \$100 a pair."

"The strain of pulling on a pair of tight boots was so great," continued the little cobbler musingly, "that we used to run the strap ends half way down the inside of the leg and double sew them with waxed silk twist. A young gentleman was actually killed here in 1850 or thereabout by the breaking of his boot straps. I remember the circumstance well. He was going to a ball and was sitting on a stool in his room pulling on a pair of new boots with the hooks they used then. Both straps gave way together, and he fell over backward and hurt his spine so that he died next day. Yes, sir; that's a fact. The family are still living here, and I made boots for one of his uncles up to less than ten years ago. No; I can't say there was anything especially peculiar about the boots of that time except that they had much higher heels than are worn now and very light soles, generally finished around the edge with a stitching of yellow thread. A good pair of boots could be resoled four or five times, but it was seldom done. When they began to wear, a gentleman would generally give them to his body servant."

The price of boots then was never less than \$16 and more often \$20, and the planters up the river thought nothing of ordering half a dozen or even a dozen pair at a time. I had one good customer from Lafourche. He was a fine gentleman, with grand manners. One day he came into the shop to order a pair of boots, and while I was measuring him to correct his foot he looked at me very sharp. "Will you allow me to see your tongue?" he said presently. I was surprised, but I put it out, and he pursed up his lips, like a man whistling. "Hum-m-m!" said he. "How is your appetite?" "Poorish," said I, for I wasn't feeling very well just then. "Make me 12 pairs of boots this time," said he and walked out without another word. I felt kind of uncomfortable for awhile after that; but, Lord bless you, I've outlived him these 20 years."

"Boots went out of style in the seventies, but a good many of the old people still stick to them, and, for that matter, some are worn even to this day. I have four customers now that I make boots for regular. They are all middle aged men, and I used to work for their fathers and uncles. They say that the high leather legs keep them from catching cold, and they don't want the feet tight, but prefer them large and roomy. So I don't have to go to the trouble of correcting their lasts, as I did in the old days."

"I don't make shoes," added the old man, with a touch of asperity. "I never made a pair in my life, but it's lucky for me, perhaps, that they've taken to wearing them and make them as poor as they do. That brings in enough cobbling to keep the pot a-boiling."

New Orleans Times-Democrat

An Aspersion.  
"Police! Police!" yelled a man on the street.

"Here, what's the matter?" exclaimed a policeman, rushing around the corner.

"Nothing of course," explained the man. "If there had been, you wouldn't have been anywhere within a mile."

Detroit Free Press.

## THE INDIGO PLANT.

How the Beautiful Dye Is Obtained by Indian Natives.

Indigo, the most beautiful and expensive of all dyes in common use, has ever been closely related to India, as its name implies.

From India the ancient Greeks and Romans drew supplies of the blue dye, and, although it was lost to Europe during the greater part of the middle ages, enormous quantities have been imported for commercial purposes during the last 100 years.

Indigo is cultivated all over India, giving employment to millions of natives and thousands of foreigners. In three districts alone in Behar, where some of the finest Indigo is grown, European capital is invested to the extent of no less than \$25,000,000. Some 370,000 acres are under cultivation. There are 700 Englishmen managing and working on the "concerns," as the factories and plantations are always called, and 1,500,000 natives.

An Indigo concern may occupy anywhere between 1,000 and 10,000 acres, each cultivated acre producing on an average about 15 to 20 pounds of indigo.

The plant grows to a height of between three and five feet. It is in the leaves that the color yielding matter chiefly resides, they being at their fullest at the time when the flower buds are about to bloom, but the leaf, of a yellowish green color, gives no indication of containing anything which will yield a blue coloring matter.

Toward the end of June, or as soon as the monsoon has set in, the crop is cut, and the work of manufacturing commences. The first manufacturing, called "morrhun malai," lasts generally to the middle of August. By this time the stems which have been cut have shot up again, and in September a second crop is taken from the same plants. Sometimes three crops are taken in one season.

In most concerns the simple, primitive processes of manufacture are still adhered to, for planters and old hands are strong believers in the original true blue and will have nothing to do with newfangled ideas and chemical admixtures.

Every day the rats in which the plants are steeped—the first process of manufacture—are cleaned out by coolies. The plant is stacked upright to allow air to escape and is kept in position by long pieces of bamboo. Then water is run into the vat, which, however, is not quite filled, since the plant expands, exerting an enormous pressure that might easily crack the vat's sides.

The plant takes a long while to soak. The leaves are not easily wetted.

When the plants have been steeped for about ten hours the color yielding matter will have been extracted. The liquid is now run off into lower or "beating" vats, and the extracted plant, or "seet," is taken out, to be subsequently employed to fertilize new crops. The running liquid varies in color from bright orange to olive green. It is necessary that it shall be kept in a state of violent agitation.

The froth is at first blue, then white, and soon disappears. The liquid, after passing through various color changes, turns from green to dark, rich indigo blue. The overseer, to test whether the beating process is sufficient, takes a little liquid and pours it on to a plate. If the grain, or "fecula," readily settles, leaving a clear fluid, the beaters jump from the vat or the wheel is stopped.

After beating the fecula is allowed to settle for two or three hours, and then the water is run off. The grain is collected, passed through various strainers, whence it flows into a well and is elevated by a steam injector to an iron tank. It is now boiled to prevent any further fermentation, and then the hot, concentrated stuff is run through strainers on to a filter table.

The resulting pulpy paste, not unlike colored whipped cream, is pressed and cut into small cakes, each stamped with the mark of the factory, the date and the number of the days boiling. The cakes are put away to dry on bamboo shelves, being carefully dusted and turned every few days until ready for packing.—Pearson's Magazine.

### SIM He Caught Customers.

A well known portrait painter was not always the receiver of such handsome honorariums as are now paid him for his portraits. Time was, says London Tit-Bits, when he lived in a common lodging house near the Pantheon at an altitude of no less than seven stories. Necessity is the mother of invention, but how to induce a discriminating public to climb seven pairs of stairs?

He put up a placard in the basement of the house, "Portraits taken here. Only 10 francs. Studio on the third floor."

When he would be purchaser had arrived at the studio designated, he found himself confronted by a placard: "Ten franc portraits. The studio has been removed to the fifth floor."

After much puffing and panting the fifth floor was reached, where a new bill met the inquiring eye: "Ten franc portraits. The studio has owing to rebuilding of the premises been temporarily removed to the seventh floor."

Having suffered so much, the victim did not mind suffering once more, and the aspiring artist got another customer.

### Diplomatic Johnny.

"Johnny," said his mother, "do you know who ate those tarts I left in the pantry?"

"I do, mamma," replied the noble boy, his eyes filling with tears, "but it would not be gentlemanly for me to tell."

And that is how it came that Johnny's brother received two undeserved spankings, one for the cakes he did not steal and another for his truthful denial.—London Tit-Bits.

### Newspaper ARCHIVE

## A DISH OF PORPOISE.

WHOLESALE AND VERY SAVORY WHEN PROPERLY COOKED.

When One of These Sea Swine Is Landed in New York City, the Event Brings Joy to the Hearts of the Population of "Little Italy."

That playful mammal the porpoise, which gives so much joy to children or steamers, is not hunted anywhere in the vicinity of New York. But occasionally one of the fisher boats that bring their fares of fish to the great market at the foot of Fulton street on the East river finds in a net a drowned porpoise. The creature swam into the net and was not able to get out. Being a mammal, or warm blooded animal, it is compelled to rise for the purpose of breathing, which it does through its blowhole just behind the neck. But when entangled in a net it is unable to rise to the surface and is drowned in its own element.

The huge creature, often weighing from 200 to 400 pounds, is dressed by the fishermen and put into the tank and brought to the market, where it is kept in the refrigerating tank until Friday morning, when it is sold to Italian by auction. The successful bidder always subdivides his fish. He keeps half for himself, and the rest is shared out among truck peddlers of Mulberry street, where the Italians congregate.

Then there is joy in Little Italy. The news is spread all over the colony, women going to their friends to tell the tidings. Very early in the morning crowd gathers round the store of the padrone, who has the half porpoise displayed in all its hugeness upon a slab of wood. Fins, head, tail and insides had been removed by the fishing folk, and there is nothing save the solid meat and the great backbone. The porpoise is a deep red, except the belly streaks, which are lighter and are streaked with fat and resemble pork very closely indeed. This is the meaning of the name, porpoise is a corruption of the old London Latin, porc-pisces. In Roman Latin this would have been porcus pisces. The men of the north call these animals sea swine, and this is preserved in the French marsouin, which they undoubtedly learned from the Normans.

The Italian padrone begins business about 7 o'clock in the morning. His price is 4 cents a pound for all quantities, large or small. His scales are above his head. His customers surround him in an anxious ring, each provided with wrapping paper. His watchful and affectionate family take the money and bring from time to time a freshly sharpened knife. The padrone first cuts off a chunk of about 40 pounds and then proceeds rapidly to subdivide it according to the wants of the buyers. Slice after slice of the deep flesh falls before his knife and passes into the paper of the customers. The belly parts are put on one side; they are not for sale, having been ordered in advance by the restaurants of the quarter.

Italian cooking is so excellent, especially as regards fish, that amateurs of good living constantly visit them undeterred by their appearance, which is rather squalid, though some are neatness itself. Here the porpoise is sold as horse mackerel for some reason or other not on the surface and is served with various sauces of the most palatable character.

The women of the colony fry it usually in rancid olive oil, which somewhat more than offsets any fishy flavor that may exist, which is doubtful. For while an ancient and fishlike smell most undoubtedly does salute the nostrils in front of fish stores in this quarter there is no odor arising from the immense mass of flesh at which the padrone toils. In fact, there can be no doubt that the meat of the porpoise is flesh and not fish. And it may be added that this meat is wholesome and very savory when properly cooked.

The porpoise is not subject to the many diseases to which land swine are liable, and that the flesh is savory is certain from the affection the Italians have for it. Even the Sicilians admit cheerfully that it is as good as the swordfish cutlet, which is the great delicacy of Messina. And Italians from other parts believe it to be infinitely better. Porpoise was indeed once a royal dainty and was served at all state banquets. Sometimes it was boiled in vinegar or thin white wine—about the same thing—and sometimes great slices were covered with paste and baked and eaten with a sauce of prunes and spice.—New York Sun.

### The Real Thing.

It was the middle of winter, and the head of the charitable institution was examining a number of poor children as to their claims to more comfortable clothing. She said to a little girl who was pinned up in a thin shawl:

"Have you any clothes at home?"

"No'm."

"What have you got on?"

"Please, this is me mother's shawl, in me dress is next, an then comes I."

Moral philosophy was not this little girl's distinguished walk, but she made the ego of her brief discourse seem a vivid reality, which is more than many able minds have succeeded in doing in a good many more words.—Youth's Companion.

### Unreasonable.

Little Mabel—I don't like my new doll. It doesn't know a thing.

Little Maud—Why doesn't it?

Little Mabel—it can't stand up nor sit down nor hold its arms out nor nothing.

Little Maud—When did you get it?

Little Mabel—Yesterday.

Little Maud—I pretty mother you are, expecting a baby to act like a grown doll as soon as it's bought.—London Fun.

## ENCOURAGING THRIFT.

A Business Man Who Has Found That It Pays.

"I always have confidence in people who save a little money out of their salaries," said a prominent western merchant, "and I do what I can to encourage habits of thrift. I employ about 75 clerks in my establishment, to whom I pay weekly salaries ranging from \$10 to \$40. Naturally enough more of them get the former than the latter amount, but they are none the less worthy on that account."

"In the beginning, when I employed only two people, I lived pretty close to them, and I knew how thrifless they could be when they were not encouraged to be otherwise. I have discharged more clerks for that sort of thing than for any other cause. They spent their salaries, large or small as might be, in a reckless fashion and let debts accumulate quite regardless of the rights of creditors."

"As my business increased, and with it my profits and my force of people I began to give the matter more study, and in the end, when I felt able to be of material assistance in encouraging thrift and honesty, I proposed a yearly recognition to those who would save something out of their salaries. It was small at first, but was so successful that today I haven't a clerk who has not some kind of a bank account and not one who willfully refuses to pay his debts. When we get a new one who refuses to take advantage of the opportunities afforded, we let him go at the end of the first year."

"My present plan is to double the savings of all clerks who receive \$10, \$12 and \$15 a week; to add 25 per cent to all who receive from \$15 to \$25 and 10 for those over \$25. A clerk on \$15 a week or under cannot save much, but as a rule that class of clerks have no one to maintain but themselves, and if one cannot save more than \$25 out of his year's labor it is rather pleasant for him to get \$25 clear profit. Those who receive the larger amounts usually have families, and their savings are not large, but whatever they are they are comfortably increased."

"One of my \$1,200 a year clerks, with a wife and two small children, saved \$400 last year, and my check for \$100 additional was deposited to his account the day after New Year's. A young woman in charge of a department at \$900 a year has almost paid for a nice little cottage in the suburbs out of her extra, and so the list runs on through every branch of the business. I make it a condition that all current obligations must be met at the end of the year, so that the savings are actual net profit."

"Every year some of the clerks are not entitled to any extra, but if this is the result of sickness I assume a part or all of the doctor's bills. You may say it costs something for me to do this and I am under no obligation to do it, and you are right. But I have the best class of clerks in the city, and as a result I guess I don't lose enough by it to necessitate an assignment at an early date," and the merchant smiled with very evident satisfaction.

"Ostrich egg omelet we always found most welcome addition to our desert bill of fare and a convenient and portable provision, for from the thickness of the shell the eggs keep perfectly sweet and fresh for a fortnight or three weeks."

### Why the Oyster Crop Fails.

It is pointed out that partial failure of the oyster crop in certain years, the diminution in size of the oysters on the market and the extinction of many oyster beds that formerly were famous have been due to want of material for the production of the oyster shell. Beds throughout the oyster belt have steadily deteriorated in late years and in many cases become absolutely worthless in spite of the fact that food has been supplied artificially at great expense and trouble and wire fences have been used to protect the oysters from the starfish.

For this trouble the defilement of the water by sewage and waste of various manufacturing establishments have usually been blamed, sometimes justly, sometimes without cause. What the oyster must have or will perish is a full supply of carbonate of lime with which to build its shell. Near the mouths of rivers, where carbonate of lime in mechanical solution, as it is expressed, comes down from the hills and plains of the interior in drainage, the oyster has all the material it needs for building its house, and at the same time the incoming tide brings it ample food.

"Now, supposing the first sapper in the trench you were driving were killed," said the general, "what would you do with him?"

"Stuff him in a gabion, sir," said the stolid sapper.

"And what would you do with the second if he were killed?" said the officer in surprise.

"Make a fascine of him, sir."

"The general rode off without another word."

### Vigorous Measures.

For a long time the favorite form of "make believe" of little Faith was that of "getting married." For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle to the strains of an imaginary wedding march to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last, her mother becoming tired of it, she said:

"Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?"

This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped.

Not long afterward she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said:

"Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler, but if some man should ask you to marry him"—

"I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.—Harper's Magazine.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1902.

We all know that silly women will do almost anything in their enthusiasm for a male performer on the fiddle or the grand piano, and the fifty who rushed at Kubellik in Brooklyn after a recent performance and endeavored to kiss him are unfortunately not the only examples of such hysterical adulation among their sex. Poor Holson was made ridiculous before the whole country by just such nonsense. Of course the man in such a case is taken at a tremendous disadvantage. With a swarm of women rushing at him, their red lips all puckered up for him, he can neither accede nor refuse with dignity. It is said that some of the Brooklyn women taunted Kubellik with being a coward. Well, there are many otherwise brave men who would shrink from such an onslaught; and there are women (whisper it!) whom it would require no small bravery to kiss. And here the query arises, why should the American women be so everlasting hungry for a snack? Aren't husbands and sweethearts doing their full duty? This is something for our Solomons to look into. It is more serious than it may seem on the surface.

**SNAP SHOTS.**

Puzzle: Find De Wet.

What—New York policemen resolving to "do their duty."

And Grover still treats Bryan with the silence of contempt.

Take a good sharp carving knife to that beef trust, somebody!

Has that Isthmian canal fallen in on itself? It seems to be out of sight.

The uglier the pup, the more blue ribbons he gets—at the Boston dog show.

Dr. English could hardly have left a more enduring monument than "Ben Bolt."

Patrick must be having a very enjoyable honeymoon there in the Tombs, all by himself.

It will be a brilliant audience, all right, before which King Edward is to do his little coronation stunt.

The racers ridden by Yankee jockeys continue to show their heels to the rest of the field over in England.

The New York subway is bound to have some fun anyway—it has quit blowing—up and is now caving in.

If Germany doesn't want a tariff war with us (as she now says) why does she keep talking about one all the time?

Dick Croker is going into the business of supplying milk to steamships—of course there won't be any water in it!

There are just a few of us here in New Hampshire who could be prevailed upon to take the job of minister to Cuba.

**BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.**

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. The springtime is pleasantly heralded by the April number of this magazine, which, as usual, abounds in those contributions which make its perusal a source of recreation and delight. Among its features are the following: April Verses, Edna Kingsley Wallace; "Neighbors," Charles Livingston Bull; "Farming Out Convicts," Benjamin F. Blackburn; "A Daughter of Raasay," a story, Leo Crane; "Leaves from a Hunter's Sketch Book," eight full page drawings, Charles Livingston Bull; "Northern Kentucky in War Time," John Uri Lloyd; "Samuel M. Jones, Golden Rule Mayor of Toledo," Elwood Salisbury; "The Vengeance of Rett Adams," a story, Eliza Wallace Durbin; "Mrs. Leslie Carter," a study, Franklin E. Fyles; "The Mongrel Child," a story of Chicago's prisons for juveniles, Thomas W. Steep; "Lead, Kindly

Light," Cardinals Newman; "The Barred Window," a story, Charles Raymond MacAuley; "The Little Principle," John Dickinson Sherman; an account of recent discoveries made by Prof. Jacques Loeb and Prof. A. P. Mathews of the University of Chicago; "Sea Mist," verses, Richard Kirk; "Not Even Memory," a story, Richard H. Post; Marginalia, New York; Frank Leslie Publishing House, 141-147 Fifth Avenue.

**The Century.**

The features of the April Century are a frontispiece engraving by Timothy Cole of the famous painting by Velasquez entitled "Head of a Young Man"; a group of papers of personal recollections of Appomattox by Gen. E. P. Alexander and Col. Charles Marshall, ex-Confederates and Generals John Gibbons and Wesley Merritt of the Union army; the beginning of the Union army; the beginning of a new serial story on marriage, entitled "Confessions of a Wife," by Mary Adams; four humorous stories, including "Chimie Fadden on LaAiglon and Woman"; "A Hard Road to Andy Coggins," by Chester Bailey Fernald; "My Golf," by Charles Battell Loomis; and Disciplining the R. & O." by Willie Gibson, all illustrated; in the series on The Great West a chronicle of the overland trip to California by Noah Brooks entitled "The Plains Acreys," with pictures by Remington; in the collector's series an illustrated paper on bottles, personal reminiscences of Alexander II, by the actress Rhoda; two illustrated articles of travel in Abyssinia by Hugo von Loer and Oscar T. Crosby, both with mention of American trade; "Recent Discoveries concerning the Buddha" by the eminent English authority on India, W. T. Rhys Davids; a paper of plain-spoken criticism by John Burroughs in "Literary Values"; the third of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Little Stories" entitled "Two Men"; a timely sketch by Henry C. Rowland entitled "The Seamy Side in the Philippines"; a paper by Sylvester Baxter on "The Beautifying of Village and Town," the text of Salvin's address on Ristori delivered at the recent celebration in Rome of her eightieth birthday, besides poetry and the departments it will be seen from this list that there is a very wide range of topics.

New York: The Century Co., Union Square.

**Harper's Magazine.**

Harper's Magazine for April opens with a most interesting article from the pen of the well-known newspaper writer, A. Maurice Low, on "Society in Washington." The article is illustrated by Simele and is fitting introduction to a rich collection of magazine literature. Notable among the contributions are: "Dickens in His Books," by Percy Fitzgerald; "A Spartan," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "Five Years of Synthetic Chemistry," by Carl Snyder; "Prosper's Old Mother," by Bret Harte; "The Roses of Monsieur Alphonse," by Thomas A. Janvier; "A Land Journey from Paris to New York," by Harry De Windt; "The Gay Cavalier," by Sidney H. Preston; "An Hour and a Half Train Jamestown," by Albert E. Thomas.

The most important serial publication of the year will begin in the May number. Its title is "Lady Rose's Daughter," and is from the pen of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Eleanor," etc. It is a story of English society today, dramatic in its situations and vivid in its character portrayal. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York.

**Scribner's.**

Scribner's Magazine for April begins a new novel by Richard Harding Davis, "Captain Maclin." It is the longest novel written by Mr. Davis and is his first since "Soldiers of Fortune." It is his most mature work and narrates the adventures of a young West Point graduate who was dismissed from the academy and went to Honduras to make a name for himself as a soldier with a body of revolutionists.

This issue contains the first of three articles which stirringly represent the life of the fishermen of today—off our own coast, on the North Sea, and on the Baltic, by James B. Connolly. The first article on "The Gloucester Fisherman," is as interesting as any story of the sea. It completely wipes out the impression created by some previous fiction that the Gloucester fisherman is an antiquated man and sells an antiquated boat.

Among the stories in the number is an amusing tale of life in old Virginia by Thomas Nelson Page, entitled "The Sheriff's Bluff," with illustrations by Ransom; another story by the new writer, Mary R. S. Andrews, this one told by a boy of thirteen describing with rare humor the predicament of an elder brother (it is a tale of the woods illustrated by A. B. Frost); "A Reversion to Type," by Miss Daskam, the love story of a woman professor in a college, illustrated by Christy; "The Girl's Ideal," a tale of sentiment by Clara E. Laughlin.

Mr. Hopkins Smith's "Oliver Horn" continues to be very entertaining, with the love story of Oliver and Margaret much advanced by a sumner's sketching together in th White mountains.

Color printing is beautifully represented by the reproductions of drawings by Howard Pyle and F. C. Yohn; by two pictures drawn by Everett Shinn showing "How Easter Comes in the City" and by the colored cover from a design by Floriger. The approaching centennial of the admission of Ohio to the Union lends additional importance to "A Story of Three States," by Alfred Mathews. This stirring narrative of what is known as the Peninsular Wars is fully illustrated.

Ex-President Gilman gives his reminiscences of "Some Noteworthy Scholars." Among the men of whom he tells anecdotes are Cayley, Sylvester, the odd mathematical genius, Roosevelt, Dean Stanley, Lord Kelvin, Mr. Lowell, Professor Child and Prentiss, the historian. Miss Prudence, the bookbinder, has some notes on "Pattern Making" in the Field of Art, illustrated.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The railroad time cards for the summer season are in process of preparation.

**AT NATIONAL CAPITAL.**

**Topics Of The Day Discussed In Washington.**

**Things Political, Commercial And Otherwise Being Talked About.**

**Letter From The Chatty Special Correspondent Of The Chronicle.**

**(Special Correspondence.)**

Washington, Apr. 1, 1902.—Our industries continue to absorb other people's money. What is claimed to be the largest cargo of armor ever shipped from Homestead, Pennsylvania, has left that place for Russia for use on the czar's Imperial vessels. The members of the Kansas congressional delegation are boasting that they have not a single populist among their number. And there is only one democrat in that delegation, too. Kansas is surely to be congratulated.

The bright, red hue on the cheek of the Hon. Tom Johnson is not the blush of modest delight over the announcement that he has been chosen to receive the political mantle of Mr. Bryan. Mr. Johnson is delighted; but this rosy hue is only the besmeared gore of the street railway octopus.

The figures of the census show

gratifying activity among American manufacturers—especially to republicans because they are the proponents of prosperity. The value of products of manufacturing and mechanical industries in 1900 was \$13,049,013,633 against \$9,372,437,283 in 1890, a gain

of almost forty percent.

Colonel Bryan expressed considerable chagrin over the refusal of the democratic politicians in congress to follow his advice tendered during his recent visit to Washington, and made a party issue of the Crumpacker resolution. Mr. Bryan finds himself in the position of a lead horse that is anxious to lead, but finds the other horses backing in the traces. An unpleasant situation, we venture to remark, for a "peerless leader."

Rathbone Neely and Reeves deserve no sympathy now in the hour of their conviction. They made illegal use of public funds and so violated not only their sacred pledges to their own government, but to the Cubans, when they should have acted as examples of emulation. They compromised the good name of the American administration, the republican party in the United States. Their acts were far worse than those of common thieves, and their severe punishment is richly deserved.

No better indication of the prosperity of our business conditions existing in the country at present is needed than the figures given in Dun's Review, comparing the number of commercial failures for the first two weeks of March. They say: "Liabilities of commercial failures for two weeks of March were again very small as compared with last year's figures, aggregating only \$3,238,701 against \$4,359,716 a year ago. Manufacturing defaults this year amounted to \$1,240,666, and trading to \$1,596,853. Failures for the week numbered 209, in the U. S. against 244 last year."

Democratic papers, large and small, have been very fearful that Rathbone and Neely would go unpunished for their postal defalcations in Cuba. Being staunch republicans, they had little to fear other than a good whitewashing—the republican administration would see that they were not badly treated, etc., etc., etc.

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"I asked if you had ever heard a more beautiful sound than the chiming of old St. Paul's?" repeated Jerome, looking at May's ears. "Don't you think those chiming sound like angels' voices?" he called.

"I can't hear a word you say!" May shouted back. Jerome put his mouth close to May's ear, "Don't you think those chiming sound like angels' voices?" he called.

"I asked if you had ever heard a more beautiful sound than the chiming of old St. Paul's?" repeated Jerome, raising his voice.

"I can't hear a word you say!" May shouted back. Jerome put his mouth close to May's ear, "Don't you think those chiming sound like angels' voices?" he called.

May looked up at the tower and scowled darkly. Then he yelled into Jerome's ear, "It's no use, Jerome; I can't hear until those infernal noisy bells shut up their clatter!"—London Letter.

**Those Chimes.**

Jerome K. Jerome and Phil May have been riding past St. Paul's in a cab one day when the chiming began to ring. After listening to them silently for a moment Jerome turned to May and asked him if he ever tired of the beautiful sound of the bells. "What's that you say?" asked May, putting his hand to his ear.

"I asked if you had ever heard a more beautiful sound than the chiming of old St. Paul's?" repeated Jerome, raising his voice.

"I can't hear a word you say!" May shouted back. Jerome put his mouth close to May's ear, "Don't you think those chiming sound like angels' voices?" he called.

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**Supporters**  
AND  
**Suspensories**  
Always on hand.

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IN ORDER



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ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

**C. E. BOYNTON,**  
BOTTLERS OF ALL KINDS OF  
**Summer Drinks,**

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

**ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED**

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**Gray & Prime**

DELIVER

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IN BAGS

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**BLACKSMITH.**

Horse Shoeing in all its branches. Particular attention given to interfering and over-reaching horses.

Ship Work, Carriage and Tool Work of all kinds promptly attended to.

Stone Tool Sharpening a Specialty.

**NO. 118 MARKET ST.**

## THE HERALD.

### MINIATURE ALMANAC. APRIL 3.

SUNRISE.....5:25 MOON RISING 01:21 A.M.  
SUNSET.....7:19 FULL SEA.....07:15 P.M.  
Length of Day.....12:47

New Moon, April 8th, Sun. 5th, morning, E.  
First Quarter, April 15th, 6th, 28th, morning, W.  
Full Moon, April 22d, 10th, 5th, evening, E.  
Last Quarter, April 30th, 31st, 58th, evening, E.

### WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, April 2.—Forecast for New England: Fair Thursday and probably Friday; fresh west winds.

### MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a.m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p.m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1902.

### TONIGHT.

Edmund Breece Stock Co. in When Greek Meets Greek, at Music hall.

Pincushion social and entertainment at the Universalist vestry.

Special meeting of Davenport council, No. 5, Royal and Select Masters, at Masonic hall.

Regular monthly meeting of the Portsmouth Yacht club.

Young Men's Whist club, Conservatory hall.

### CITY BRIEFS.

The Little Magnets go to Portland, Me., from here.

Edmund Breece Stock company at Music hall tonight.

Advertising becomes more and more of a scene day by day.

Advertising is your business card—don't have a sloppy card.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

The school children are having excellent weather for vacation week.

He who advertises well today will live to advertise for many a day.

May the brown tailed moths continue to steer clear of Portsmouth.

The new ferry boat 423 will be launched from the Franklin shiphouse today.

There was no joke in that beautiful spring day which April made its bow to the world.

The crew of the Rye beach life-saving station donated eight dollars to the Monmouth fund.

Two new members were admitted to the Warner club at its regular meeting on Tuesday evening.

There are several changes expected to be made in many of the church choirs about town soon.

The thermometer registered about forty degrees above zero on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock.

Mrs. W. P. Gray and John C. Dolan will sing at the Knights of Columbus social at their rooms tomorrow night.

The Easter music both morning and evening will be presented at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Sunday.

The Marcus M. Collis camp, Sons of Veterans, hold their regular bi-monthly meeting at G. A. R. hall this evening.

Music lessons on Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo. R. L. Ralnewald Bandmaster U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

The club women, as such, will now have a vacation, but the duties of house cleaning are making their annual demands.

The quarantine which has been on the house No. 31 Court street for the past week for diphtheria was raised on New Castle on Saturday, April 5.

### A RICH TREAT.

Fifth Annual Whitman Concert Delights Afternoon Audience in Peirce Hall.

Those who attended the fifth annual Whitman concert in Peirce hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 2d inst., were given a rich treat. Instrumental and vocal numbers alike were all choice and the program was all too brief to satisfy the audience, whose musical appetite had been keenly whetted by the various offerings.

The participating artists were: The Pentucket orchestra, of Haverhill, Mass., (fifteen pieces) under the direction of Ernest Ferdinand Hoyt; the Beethoven string quartet (Ernest Hoyt, violin—John Nichols, violin—Max Schlegel, viola—Gerald Whitman, cello); Miss Sophie Goodwin, soprano; Henry P. Sutcliff, flute soloist; and Mr. Hoyt, violin soloist.

Amidst such a galaxy, Portsmouth's individual representative, Miss Goodwin, shone so brightly as to please her many friends who were present.

The program of this season of rare enjoyment was as follows:

Overture, "Fingal's Cave" Op. 26, Mendelssohn Selection, "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer Vocal solo, "My Heart at thy Dear Voice," Saint-Saens Miss Sophia Goodwin.

String quartet, Op. 18, No. 2, Beethoven Allegro, Adagio Cantabile (and Allegro,) Scherzo, Allegro, Molto quasi presto.

Flute solo, "Faust Fantasy," Gounod H. P. Sutcliff.

Violin solo, "Seventh Concerto," Ernest Ferdinand Hoyt.

Triumphal march, (Written for the drama Cleopatra.)

### WHY HE DON'T SPRINKLE.

Augst Hett Says That it is Impossible to Collect for it.

August Hett has held the contract for sprinkling the streets of the city of Portsmouth for the past four years. From the city treasury he was paid the sum of \$500 for sprinkling in front of all city property. Of this sum he paid back \$250 to the city for water used by his carts. He used three carts necessitating the hiring of three men and the use of six horses. Of course their time was not fully taken up in this work as there are some days when the streets need no sprinkling. Besides this money received from the city Mr. Hett collected, or tried to collect, from property owners in front of whose residence or places of business he kept the dust down. He says that some would pay while others would not and the "would nots" were in such a majority that it made the business a losing venture.

In the four years he has held the contract his books show that there is still due him from private property owners and business men the sum of \$1600. He is tired of the business and says that his carts are for sale to the city or any one who wishes to buy.

### P. A. C. LADIES' NIGHT.

To Be Celebrated in Peirce Hall on Evening of April 28.

The committee to whom was entrusted the selection of a date and the making of preliminary arrangements for the coming P. A. C. ladies' night have chosen the evening of April 28 as the date and Peirce hall the location.

The first part of the evening will be taken up with whist to which appropriate prize awards will be made to the winners, followed later by dancing to the music of Joy and Philbrick's orchestra. Refreshments will be served affio. SCIndollihE h AAAAAAAb. It

### OBITUARY.

Mary A. Smith.

At the home in New Castle today occurred the death of Mrs. Mary Alice Smith, aged seventy-eight years. The funeral will take place at the home in New Castle on Saturday, April 5.

### RE-COMMISSIONED.

Lieut. George F. Snow of Company B, Second Infantry, Portsmouth, who tendered his resignation some time ago, by reason of a change of business which necessitated his removal from the state, has made other arrangements which will permit him to remain, and he was recommissioned by Adjutant-General Ayling this morning.—Concord correspondent Manchester Union.

### GUIDON FOR APRIL.

The Guidon for the month of April contains some very interesting reading matter, and is very tastily gotten up. Of the interesting articles contributed is a poem by John B. Tabb, who is very well known. The Rev. John E. Finan of Tilton has contributed an interesting article on "Catholic Influence in the Republic." There are numerous other illustrated articles that are deserving of notice.

### ACCIDENT AT NAVY YARD.

This morning an Italian, employed on the new dry dock at the navy yard, fell, striking his back on a rock, severely wrenching it. He was taken to the Naval hospital where his injuries were cared for. He was afterwards brought to his boarding place in this city in the navy yard ambulance.

### HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, April 3.—Tug Piscaqua, Damarcotta, with barge Borwick, P. N. Co. No. 10, and Newcastle, Boston, brick; tug Gladiator, Portland, Perth Amboy, with barge Driftion, light; tug International, Philadelphia, Boston, with barge Henry Clay, Philadelphia, coal.

### PERSONALS.

Thomas Noble, Jr. is a visitor in Boston today.

Attorney E. L. Gupill was in Epping Wednesday on legal business.

George W. Boardman is passing a week at his farm home at Lebanon. Miss Grace Norton of Kittery, clerk at Staples' dry goods store, is ill at her home.

Miss Marion Eastman of Middle street is the guest of friends in Manchester.

Miss Bernice Buchanan of Lincoln avenue is seriously ill at the Cottage hospital.

Mrs. G. B. Chadwick of Rogers street is slowly recovering from a severe illness.

Miss Ella A. Newhall of Norwood, Mass., is the guest of relatives on Columbia street.

Mrs. G. Scott Locke of Concord is the guest of her son, Dr. G. Scott Locke, in this city.

Mrs. William P. Pickett and Miss Marie Pickett are in Boston for the remainder of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Harvey of this city are stopping at Adams Point, Durham, for a few weeks.

Miss Marguerite Berry entertained a few of her friends with a small reception Tuesday evening.

Miss Dorothy Foster of Middle street is passing a few days in Boston as the guest of friends.

Miss Hulda Drake of Epsom is visiting former Councilman and Mrs. William E. Drake of Daniel street.

Letter Carrier William O. Sides is confined to his home by illness. John Parker is filling his place on the mail route.

Frank Goodwin of Boston is the guest of his sisters, the Misses Goodwin, at the Goodwin mansion on Irvington street.

Former Postmaster John E. Leavitt, now of Groton, Conn., is remodeling his summer residence at Jenness beach into an apartment house.

Percy Brown of Phillips Exeter, who has been the guest of friends in this city over Easter, returned to his studies at the college Wednesday night.

Former Secretary F. W. Teague of the local Y. M. C. A. has been appointed solicitor for the brokerage firm of Dowd and Beckman, New York.

Joseph A. Haley is very ill at the residence of his son-in-law, President Goodall, of the common council, on Richards avenue, and slight hope is entertained of his recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Doolittle, who for the past two weeks have been the guests of their son, Arthur M. Doolittle, Summer street, returned to their home at Troy, N. H., today.

Miss Etta Perry is very ill with typhoid pneumonia at the Shedd residence on Sagamore road, while her father, Coolidge Perry, lies critically ill at his residence on State street.

Mrs. Martin Moehan and son, Thomas, who is employed in the Armstrong restaurant at the railroad station, went to Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday, for a month's visit with relatives.

### DONATION PARTY.

On Wednesday evening from six to eight o'clock, the King's Daughters of the North church gave a donation party at the Home for Aged Women on Deer street.

Mrs. John P. Sweetser and Mrs. James R. Connell received and the supper was in charge of Mrs. George Muchmore.

During the evening a pleasing entertainment was given which was thoroughly enjoyed by the inmates of the home. The following was the program. The following was the program.

Old Favorites, a "Possum Hall Rag," French b "Our Director," (for Harvard) Vocal March, "Plays" Von Tilzer Overture, (from the opera) "Maritana," Wallace Duet for Flute and Clarine, Barnard "Minnehaha," Messrs. Sutcliff and Netsch, Selection from the Comic Opera "King Dodo," Trombone Solo, "The Palms," Faure (by request) Mr. A. B. Coney.

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